Prin. Faith, tell me now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid he would ſweare truth out of *England*, but he would make you beleeve it was done in fight, and perſwaded us to doe the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleede, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeven yeares before, I bluſh to heare his monſtrous devices.

Prin. O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of Sacke eighteene yeares ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations?

Poin. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Livers, and cold purſes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken,

Enter Falſtaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter. Heere comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bones. How now ſweete creature of Bombaſt, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaweſt thine owne Knee?

Falſ. My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeeres (*Hall*) I was not an Eagles tallon in the waſte: I could have crept into any Aldermans thumbe-ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man up like a bladder. Ther's villanous news abroad, here was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your father: you muſt goe to the Court in the morning. The ſame mad fellow of the *North Percy*; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the divell his true liegeman upon the Croſſe of a Welſh-hook; what a plague call you him?

Poy. O *Glendower!*

Fal. *Owen Glendower*, the ſame, and his ſonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly *Scot* of *Scottes*, *Dowglas*, that runs a horſebacke up a hill perpendicular:

Prin. He that rides at high ſpeede, and with a piſtoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Falſ.

Falſ. You have hit it.

Prin. So did he never the Sparro

Falſ. Well, that raſcall hath good runne.

Prin. Why; what a raſcall art th running?

Falſ. A horſe-backe (yee Cuckoe budge a foote.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, upon inſtinct.

Falſ. I grant ye, upon inſtinct: w *Mordake*, and a thouſand blue Cap away by night, thy fathers beard is tu you may buy Land now as cheape as

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come buffeting hold, we ſhall buy mayd nayles, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the Maſſe, Lad, thou ſaiſt t good trading that way. But tell me, afeard? thou being Heire apparent, out three ſuch enemies againe, as that *Percy*, and that divell *Glendower*? Art doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit yfaith: I lacke ſo

Falſ. Well, thou wilt be horribly thou commeſt to thy Father: if thou anſwere.

Prin. Do thou ſtand for my Father, particulars of my life.

Falſ. Shall I? content: this Chai Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhin

Prin. Thy State is taken for a joyn ter for a leaden Dagger, and thy preci tifull bald Crowne.

Falſ. Well, and the fire of Grac now ſhalt thou be moved. Give me mine eyes looke redde, that it may For I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I w *ſes* veine.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37